WOLVERINE
INFINITY WATCH

MARVEL
2

DUGGAN
MacDONALD
BELLAIRE

PARENTAL ADVISORY

WOLVERINE
INFINITY WATCH

LOKI

LOGAN

KING THOR

PHOENIX LOGAN

HECTOR

WARBRINGER

Logan's alive again...and the first person he ran into was everyone's favorite God of Mischief, Loki. Great. Loki's mad at Logan for misusing the Infinity Stones...which Logan has no memory of doing. Doubly great. Luckily, a future version of Logan showed up to spout some nonsense, commanding the pair to defend someone named "Hector."

Loki filled Logan in on what happened while Logan was dead—from Gamora's plan to rewrite the universe to Adam Warlock giving each Infinity Stone a soul—warning that the universe will come after the Stones again. As if to prove his point, Chitauri warlord Warbringer arrived on Earth to hunt down Hector Bautista—an escaped death row inmate with the power to freeze time.

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ON ASGARD,
AT THE END OF TIME.

WARLOCK TRIED TO AVERT CALAMITY, AND FOR A WHILE HE MIGHT... IF THE *INFINITY WATCH* CAN SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LINK TOGETHER.

HERE'S TO MY YOUNGER SELF AND YOUR NITWIT OF A BROTHER PUTTING IT RIGHT.

AYE.

HOW ARE WE GONNA KNOW IF THIS PLAN WORKS?

THE BOOK.

IF THE TEXAN IS SAVED, THEN THEY SHOULD HAVE THEIR CHANCE.

FLOWA'S JOURNAL WILL HAVE RECORDED IT.

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR ESCAPED CONVICT HECTOR BAUTISTA."

HE NEVER PRESENTED AS HAVIN' ANY POWERS UNTIL TEXAS TRIED TO EXECUTE HIM.

NOW WE BELIEVE HE CAN EITHER MOVE REAL FAST OR MOMENTARILY STOP TIME OR THE LIKE.

WE AIN'T THE ONLY ONES LOOKIN'. THE MARSHALS, THE FBI AND--

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

ME!

AAH!

PREROGATIVE

WHERE IS THE WIELDER OF THE STONE?

LET 'IM HAVE IT, FELLAS!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

FIRE!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

THESE ARE YOUR WEAPONS?!

IT'S A MIRACLE EARTH HAS NOT BEEN CONQUERED.

HA HA HA HA!

BAUTISTA SPOTTED HEADING WEST TOWARD AUSTIN, OVER.

WEST.

Y'KNOW, THIS IS *ADAM WARLOCK'S* MESS. WHERE'S HE?

HE IS CURRENTLY *BEREAVED* AT HAVING NOT BEEN PICKED BY HIS BELOVED PET ROCK.

LET'S JUST SAVE THIS DUMMY AND GET ON WITH OUR LIVES.

YES...WE MUST GET YOU BACK TO... WHATEVER YOU DO BEST.

MAY I ASK WHERE YOU'RE TAKING US?

I'M USING THE CHOPPERS AS STALKING HORSES.

THE NEWS AND THE LAW ARE ON HIM FROM THE AIR. HE AIN'T GETTING AWAY.

THERE'S OUR GUY.

TV REALLY TAKES THE FUN OUT OF PURSUITS AND WHODUNITS.

CHANNEL

ACTION NEWS

C'MON! OUTTA THE WAY!

WHAT THE--?!

HECTOR!

GET YER ASS UP HERE.

AH!

GET OFF!

STOP!

GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, BUB.

YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR TIME-STOPPIN' WHAMMY ON ME WHILE I GOT THESE TIME DIAMONDS IN THIS BAT.

OOF!

WUMP

WHO ARE YOU?

NAME'S LOGAN.

HE'S LOKI.

AND WHO'S THAT OVER THERE?

WHO?

SKRABOOM

I AM *WARBRINGER*, FIRST OF MY NAME.

THE OLD CHITAURI ORDER HAS BEEN DESTROYED. I WILL USE THE POWER OF THE INFINITY STONES TO RESTORE MY RACE.

GIVE ME THE STONE-- AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE.

GO TO--

THOOM

BOOM

...JUST LEMME GO, MAN.

YOU'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER, AND MY FRIEND AND I ARE HERE TO SEE YOU'RE NOT MURDERED.

WHA?!

DAMN HIM.

LOKI, TAKE THE BAT AND GET AFTER HIM-- I'LL HANDLE BIG BOY.

SNIKT

SNIKT

WELCOME TO EARTH, BUB.

AAARGGH!

FINALLY!

CRAP.

AT LEAST THERE WAS ONE EARTHMAN WORTH KILLING.

OOF!
BOOM
AH!
SKRASK
MOO?
UGHN.
RUN REPAIR PROTOCOLS.
GRRRRRAH!
NOW WHERE IS THE STONE WIELDER?

>HUFF<

A WORD, IF YOU PLEASE.

YOW!

WHAM

MY LEG!

WHY *YOU*, I WONDER?

WHY DID THE INFINITY STONE CHOOSE *YOU*?

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MAN.

I'M JUST TRYING TO SURVIVE-- A METEOR GAVE ME SPECIAL POWERS. IF THE COPS CATCH ME THEY'RE GONNA EXECUTE ME.

THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY IS THE *LEAST* OF YOUR PROBLEMS, I'M AFRAID.

YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF AND THIS PLANET BY GIVING ME WHAT I NEED.

YOU'RE CHITAURI?

I KNOW REASON IS NOT YOUR...

...STRONG SUIT.

HEH.

I LOVE KILLING ASGARDIANS. I THINK I'LL SHOVE THOSE HORNS--

PERHAPS WE CAN *BARGAIN?*

EH?

BRAAA

AARRGH!

I HATE EARTH!

GRR RAARGH!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN BREATHE WITHOUT LUNGS.

UGHN.

WHUDD

YOU'RE A TOUGH ONE, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

I GOT UNBREAKABLE METAL BONES, BUB.

I'M HERE IF YOU NEED ANY MORAL SUPPORT, OTHERWISE GOOD LUCK IN YOUR WRESTLING MATCH.

AND DO YOUR METAL BONES PROTECT THE FLOATING DISCS OF YOUR SPINE?

I SEE NOT.

SKRASK

NOW. MY STONE?

HECTOR, I HIGHLY RECOMMEND YOU GO BACK IN TIME AND *STOP* THAT FROM HAPPENING.

OH GOD, OH GOD--I CAN GO BACK IN TIME?! HOW DO I DO THAT?

W-WAIT.

NO MORE WAITING!

I WILL NOT BE DENIED!

INFINITY IS MINE.

NO ARGUMENT!

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR STAY ON MIDGARD. HAVE FUN WITH YOUR NEW TOY.

SMART "GOD."

I WIELD THE TIME STONE-- AND SOON WILL CONTROL INFINITY.

BEST OF LUCK!

BOOM

YOU'RE WELCOME, EARTH.

H-HE JUST LEFT?!

AND BOW TO THE AUDIENCE.

I MADE HIM SEE WHAT HE *WANTED* TO SEE, HECTOR.

I'VE LOST COUNT OF THE TIMES I'VE SAVED THIS HIDEOUS PLANET.

I WISH YOU'D BE FASTER WITH YOUR WHAMMIES.

SNAKT

SNAKT

YOU'RE *NOT* TAKING ME BACK TO JAIL.

NAH, WE CAN'T KEEP YOU SAFE THERE. LOKI, CAN'T YOU GET HIM A FLOP ON ASGARD?

YEAH! MAN, THAT SOUNDS GREAT.

UNFORTUNATELY, MY IDIOT BROTHER RECENTLY DROPPED MY ADOPTIVE HOME INTO THE SUN.

OH, C'MON! I MEAN, THIS IS CRAZY!

I JUST-- NOBODY BELIEVED ME WHEN I WAS IN JAIL AND NOW I'M OUT AND I GOT KILLER ALIENS AFTER ME.

I GOTTA JUST DISAPPEAR.

CALM DOWN, WE'LL--

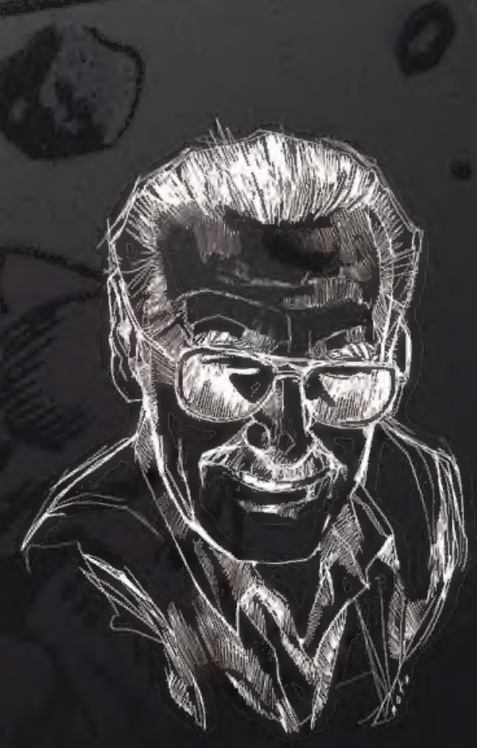
WHAT THE HELL?!

SNIKT

STAN'S SOAPBOX · SEPTEMBER 1967

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

Many Keepers of the Faith have demanded that we take a more definite stand on current problems such as Viet Nam, civil rights, and the increase in crime, to name a few. We've a hunch that most Marvel madmen pretty well know where we stand on such matters—and we've long believed that our first duty is to entertain, rather than editorialize. Of course, you've probably noticed that it's not too easy to keep our own convictions out of the soul-stirring sagas we toss at you—but, in our own bumbling fashion, we do try. Anyway, since it's YOU who are the true editors of Marveldom, it's time for another passioned poll! Should we editorialize more—or less—or keep things in their present fouled-up form? We'll announce the verdict as soon as one of us learns to count so we can tabulate the votes. But, till then, in case you haven't noticed, we've got a little suggestion for you. Namely—THINK MARVEL! That's it, Believer!



STAN LEE
FOREVER

THANK YOU BOTH FOR YOUR SERVICE HELPING ME FIND THIS MAN.

HE'S NOW PROPERTY OF THE *FRATERNITY OF RAPTORS.*

URK!

HELP!

ANY ATTEMPT TO RECLAIM HIM AND I'LL GLASS THIS PLANET FROM ORBIT.

POP

WE *COULD* JUST LET THAT BE THE END.

NOW I'M REALLY HONKED OFF. LET'S SEE IF YOUR SPACE BOAT STILL WORKS.

NEXT:

ZONE